Whoever raises a club of fair size will have so many guesses in the new contest that he can reasonably hope to hit the "buils-eye."

"To care for bim who bas borne the battle, and for bis widow and orphans."

ESTABLISHED 1877-NEW SERIES.

WASHINGTON, D. C., THURSDAY, APRIL 4, 1901.

VOL. XX-NO. 26-WHOLE NO. 1025.



By ROBERT MORRIS PECK.

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We do not seem to be gaining on the Cheyennes. They are evidently determined not to be overtaken. At several points on the trail parties of them seem to have branched off from the main body, until the band that we are following seems to

be a small one, now. We are getting so tattered that Falstaff's ragged regiment would look like "Sum mer dudes" by the side of us. Many of the men, having worn out all other cloth ing, are now going in their shirt and drawers. Some of them are wearing us into spasms of cramps and colic, and Cheyenne leggings and moccasins, which all night we rolled and groaned with sethey captured at the fight or at the vil-

Even our foppish and haughty Sergt. Maj. Arlington does duty in a pair of moccasins, a pair of dirty drawers, no trous old stable frock for a shirt, no jac ket, and a bandana handkerchief tied tur-ban-fashion about his head. Still, he struts about as proudly to all appearances as ever he did in his best uniform on dress

At a point not far from the head of Pawnee Fork we lost a private soldier of Co. B. His horse being nearly exhausted, he was ordered to walk and lead him, and try to get him into camp that day. ng so he necessarily lagged behind, and in some way got behind even the rear-

When we arrived in camp on Pawner Fork, Private Garber, of Co. B, was re ported missing, but nothing strange was thought of it until night came and still

Garber did not show up.

During the afternoon, after we had camped, a party of Kiowa Indians came camp during the night we naturally con-cluded that these Kiowas had killed and the cold.

scalped him. Next morning Garber's company (Capt. Sackett's) was ordered to remain, and make a thorough search for the missing man, and try to find him, or ascertain his fate, and on the succeeding day to follow us over to the Arkansas River, which is about 20 miles south of Pawnee

Fork at this point. We moved on to the Arkansas, strik-ing the Santa Fe road on the bank of the river near the ruins of old Fort Atkinson. We laid over a day here to await the arrival of Co. B, which came up, reporting no sign of the missing man or horse A FAIR DIVIDE.

At this camp we met a Mexican train sacks of flour, 1,100 pounds, and a little salt, all they could spare. This he deemed too small an amount to divide among so many, and so divided it was a so divided it.

of thinking.
But old "Bull of the Woods" seemed

But old "Bull of the Woods" seemed to think differently, for when McIntyre brought the Colonel his share and set it down with the remark:

A west dog. Daylight brings no relief. Breakfast without fire, same as supper, and still it rains. Saddle up in rain, and start on another rainy day's march." down with the remark:
"Colonel, I've bought some flour and

colone, I've bought some nour and salt from the Mexican train, and brought you up your rations of the same."

"Good, Mr. McIntyre, good," replied the old man, much pleased. "You must have procured a large supply to be able

to issue to each man in the company so much as that." "No, Colonel," said McIntyre, his face growing long, as he began to realize what was about to come. "No, I only got 1,100 pounds of flour and a bushel of salt, and it seemed so small an amount that I thought it wouldn't he to the transfer.

it wouldn't be a taste, hardly, among so many, and so concluded to divide it among the officers, and let the men go without They've got used to it by this time."

The old man's face began to grow stern as he listened to McIntyre's excuse, and when it was finished he roared:

"Mr. McIntyre, it is my order that you

go at once and gather up all that flour and salt, and issue it to the entire com-mand, if it only amounts to a tablespoon-ful to each man; issue to officers and sol-diers alike, and whatever amount is the share of each man that amount bring to me—no more. I don't propose to feast while my men are starving, and I don't intend that any officer in my command shall do so.'

McIntyre, though usually a good fellow, In this instance seemed to have let his appetite, or the persuasion of other officers, over-rule his sense of justice. But, seeing his error, he immediately set about seeing his error, he humbered ordered, and correcting it, as the Golonel ordered, and the flour and salt was fairly divided, so the flour and salt was fairly divided, so

the flour and sait was fairly divided, so that each man got his share, one small sack being given to Dr. Brewer for the use of the sick.

The amount issued to each man was but a trifle, but the principle and example exhibited by our old Colonel was worth more to the command than thousands of pounds of flour. Whatever smallness or selfishness there is in a man will ness or selfishness there is in a man will certainly show itself when he is on short certainly show itself when he is on short rations. If, at such times, he is self-sacrificing, and willing to shoulder his share of all hardships, dangers and pri-vations, he can be depended on in any emergency. And such was our old white-headed, white-bearded Colonel, Edwin V.

[Lieut. James B. McIntyre was a pative of Tennessee and was appointed to the Military Academy in 1849 from Texas. the Military Academy in 1849 from Texas. He remained loyal and was successively promoted, finally, to the rank of Lieu-tenant-Colonel, for gallantry at Chicka-mauga, in September, 1863; died May 10, 1867.—Ed.]

TO BENT'S FORT FOR BATIONS. The trail of the Cheyennes here turned westward, up the river, seemingly mak-

ing for the mountains,

The Colonel determined to send Maj. Sedgwick, with his old command of four companies, to follow the Cheyennes as far as Bent's Fort, and if he found it impossible to overtake them the Major was instructed to take possession of a lot of rations that had been recently stored at Bent's Fort, to be issued to such In-

men and horses and proceed down the river to the Big Bend, and then send a messenger to Fort Riley to hurry out a supply train to us.

We proceeded up the river, on the old

road without any incident worthy of note, until we arrived at Bent's Fort. There we found Maj. A. B. Miller, Indian Agent, with a large lot of rations and Indian goods—annuities sent out by the Government to be distributed among the Kiowas, Comanches, Arapahoes and Anaches.

Maj. Sedgwick took so much of the Indian stores as was needed for our com-trained, giving Maj. Miller, the Indian Agent, a receipt therefor. We camped that night in the flat, on the bank of the Arkansas, and enjoyed once more what to us was a royal feast—hard tack and salt pork and coffee. Our Gaptain had directed the First Sergeant of our company to give to each man all he could eat, which proved to be rather indiscreet, for our stomachs had been strangers to ordi-nary food so long that it threw many of

vere pain.

Before receiving our rations I had imagined that I could est an enormous amount—a regular "dog's bait"—but found on actual test that one cracker and a half of hard bread was all I had room for, and this seemed to be the case with

all hands. Our stomachs, from long disuse, had become contracted to such an extent that

they would hold but little.

Of course, we could get no information from Old Bent as to the whereabouts of the Cheyennes, as he has a Cheyenne squaw for a wife, and is in active sympathy with the tribe. But we learned from others about the fort that a party of the Indians had passed, making for the mountains, and that the tribe was badly demoralized and all broken up.

IN THE SADDLE AGAIN. It was not deemed expedient to pursuthem any further, and accordingly, next morning we started back down the river to join Col. Sumner's command at the Big

Maj. Miller remained to await the gathering of the friendly tribes and to into camp and after staying a while went tribute among them the goods sent out off. These are professedly friendly, but by the Government for that purpose. The doubtful; and as Garber did not come into Cheyennes having forfeited their right to

> But then, none of the tribes are friendly only just so long as it suits their con-venience to be so, and seldom fail to avail themselves of an opportunity to kill and rob whites whenever they think they can

do so with impunity.

I am fast becoming a convert to the doctrine of all frontiersmen that "the only

good Indian is a dead Indian." It rains nearly every night now, and often during the day, and as we have no tents or shelter of any kind, we have to take it as it comes, after sleeping on wet ground in wet blankets, and march-ing in wet clothes, not getting a chance to dry ourselves for several days at a

The following item from my old diary States empty. Our Quar- for one day and night expresses the sit-

too small an amount to divide among so wet; no fire; ate some raw "sow-belly many, and so divided it up among the and "hard-tack," washed down with mud officers only, thus giving to each one a considerable amount, something like 40 pounds of flour to the officer.

Probably the Quartermaster thought it would be enough for the soldiers to smell the officers "slapjacks" frying. And most of the officers seemed to drop into his way of thinking. shivering through the long, dismal night

they were strung out down the river

Of course, we could not tell whether they were friendly or hostile, but their movements rather indicated that they were spoiling for a fight, for as soon as were spoiling for a hght, for as soon as they saw us and had noticed our com-paratively small force, they halted the head of their column and sent runners back to their rear to hurry up the stragglers, and as soon as a goodly number of warriors had come to the front they again put the women and children to mov-ing the pack animals on up the river, while the warriors began fording the river (which is shallow and easily crossed any-where) just below us.

We had halted on the bank of the river,

We had balted on the bank of the river, and sat there on our horses watching the reds. The officers gathered in a little group around Maj. Sedgwick, taking an occasional look at the redskins through their field-glasses, and evidently awaited orders to make some preparation to meet

the danger. But right here Maj. Sedgwick showed that utter helplessness in time of danger that he had shown before and showed afterwards several times during my term of service under his command. He sat there on his horse, pale and trem-

bling, either not knowing what to do not having courage to do it, if he knew. not having courage to do it, if he knew.

The Indians, or those of them who were in advance, rode boldly up to us, "how-howing," and making a pretense of friendship, but we could easily see that this was a sham to gain an advantage of us and kill time till a sufficient number of their men had arrived to enable them to overnower us; for they were all prepared for power us; for they were all prepared for action, each man having his rifle or bow

action, each man having his rifle or bow and arrow ready for instant use when the word should be given.

Those of them who carried bows had them strung and an arrow fitted to the string, ready to let fly at a second's notice. They kept looking back the way they had come, and seemed anxiously awaiting the arrival of their brethren from the rear, who were constantly coming up by ones who were constantly coming up by ones and twos, and threes. Most of us, without waiting for command, had quietly slipped waiting for command, had quietly supped a cartridge into our Sharp's rifles, and slipped our navies around on our belts, where they would be handy. The officers seemed to take in the situation, but stern discipline forbade them making any suggestions to the Commander as to his duty.

Finally Cart. Sturgie (no. Captain) Finally, Capt. Sturgis, (my Captain) could stand it no longer, and being the

ranking Captain present, blurted out:
"Damn it, Major, what are you going to
do? Don't sit there till the Indians get

do? Don't sit there till the Indians get force enough around us to eat us up!"
"Well, Captain," stammered the Major, "what would you do?"
"Do? Hell!" roared Sturgis, "just give me command for a little while; I'll show what to do!"
"Well, Captain," said the Major, "take

command, but don't do anything rash—don't provoke them to hostilities."

Without seeming to notice the Major's last remarks, Capt. Sturgis called out to the Orderly Bugler:
"Orderly Bugler, pass the word to the company commanders that Capt. Sturgis

is in command, and send the interpreter Then he issued orders quickly and

promptly. "Company officers, to your posts! See that your men are quickly and quietly pre-pared for action." And as soon as they reported back: "All prepared," he com-

"Prepare to dismount to fight on foot! (In this movement every No. 4 remains mounted to hold the horses of the other three men of his set of fours.) "Dismount! Form ranks!" Then turning to the Interpreter he said: "Interpreter, tell these Indians to get back across that river, and be quick about it. If there is one of them remaining on this side in five minutes he'll be a dead Indian."

As soon as the Interpreter had told the Indians what the Captain said, there was a ripple of excitement visible among them.

They held a quiet and hurried consultation, seeming to hesitate about obeying the Captain's order, casting hurried glances down the bank of the river, whence their scattering reinforcements were arriving, and seemed in doubt as to whether they had a sufficient number on the ground to

tackle us or not. Finally, their Chief seemed to determin that they had better not attempt it, and gave the command for his men to with-

"TELL THOSE INDIANS TO GET BACK ACROSS THAT RIVER, AND BE QUICK ABOUT IT.'

On the return trip we met with no incident worthy of note till we arrived at a point just below the Big Timbers, called Grand Saline.

We had made our usual day's march, and had turned off from the road to camp on the banks of the river, late in the afternoon, when our attention was attracted to a large body of Indians on the opposite bank. They backed out from us sullenly at first, but when they resched the bank of the river they rushed splashing across as though anxious to get beyond reach of our rifles. By the expiration of the alloted time not an Indian was to be seen on our side of the river. A little show of promptness and pluck had saved us from a probable massacre.

BLUFFING THE COMANCHES.

The Indians seemed to be in great numbers—warriors, women and children, all mounted, the women and children, all mounted, the women and children driving or leading numbers of pack animals

were ready at any opportunity to break the treaty and attack any small party that they thought they coeld whip. We ascertained that they were on their way to Bent's Fort to receive their share of the annuities from Maj. Miller, the Government Agent. Such is Indian fidelity.

After camping, and while eating our suppers, I asked Bill Slade why the Captain had dismounted us to fight on foot.

"The Captain's head was level about that," he answered. "You see, the river bottoms here are swampy and many mire sloughs here and there. The Captain knew that men on foot would have an advantage in such ground that a mounted man could do but little."

We all had our opinion of the Major's

We all had our opinion of the Major's bravery; but, then, a soldier dare not say much that is disparaging of an officer, and

so little more was heard of it. Without any other incident worth no ticing we continued our march down the river from day to day, until we joined Col. Sumner's command at the Big Bend, five miles east of Allison's Ranch, which is at the mouth of Wainut Creek. We there found a supply train with plenty of rations and a partial supply of clothing that had been sent out from Ft. Riley.

LOST MAN FOUND.

When Col. Sumner's command was reached, here (Wainut Creek) they found the lost man, Private Garber, of Co. B, here at the ranch. He had been found by the men of the Santa Fe mail coach as they came down the road from the Santa Fe crossing of the Arkansas, seven days after he had been lost from the command.

When lost he had a horse, saddle, and bridle, Sharp's rifle, saber, Colt's navy, etc. When found by the mail party he was about 60 miles east of where we had lost him, having lost his horse and equipments and thrown away his rifle, salar, cather cathery. him, having lost his horse and equipments and thrown away his rifle, saber, cartridge-box and belts, and part of his clothing, retaining only his cap, shirt and drawers and shoes, and having his pistol slung to him by a saddle strap. In this condition he was seen running about over the prairie catching grasshoppers, which were very numerous, and eating them voracionsty. He was crays and well he raciously. He was crazy, and well he might be, for grasshoppers had been his sole diet since he left us seven days previous. The mail men saw him several miles from the road, and drove out to him to see what sort of a creature he was, and what he was doing. When they reached his vicinity, he paid little or no reached his vicinity, he paid little or no attention to them, but kept on with his grasshopper catching and eating. He would run through the grass and as the hoppers flew up in swarms he would swing his cap around him, then thrusting his hand into the cap would withdraw it full of hoppers, whip them into his mouth, chewing and swallowing ravenously, and then proceed to catch more.

He was now in the buffalo range, and if he had kept his senses could have lived

He was now in the buildalo range, and if he had kept his senses could have lived very well on buffalo heat, but he seemed to have lost his mind to such an extent that he only ran about, first one way then the other, catching and eating hoppers.

The mail drivers took him into the coach and carried him down to Alison's Ranch, where they left him. After being fed well for a few days he came around all right

for a few days he came around all right again, but he does not think he will ever

had just finished, and how badly prepared for such a trip we were, or the order would hardly have been given; but soldiers are expected and required to obey im-plicity all orders from superiors, without stopping to question or explain the case. So the little bit of clothing that had been sent us was issued to those most in need of it, and other preparations made for the trin to Ft. Kearny, about 200 miles north

of it, and other preparations made for the trip to Ft. Kearny, about 200 miles north on the Platte River.

Col. Sumner, leaving us here, will proceed at once with a small escort to Fort Leavenworth and from there will make a report to the authorities at Washington, of our Summer's campaign, and the worn-out condition of our men and horses, and try to get the order countermanded that sends us to Utah. He says that by the time we reach Fort Kearny there will

time we reach Fort Kearny there will be an order there countermanding the one taking us to Utah, and instead, ordering us back to Leavenworth or Fort Riley for Winter quarters.

Our two parties separate at the Big Bend, the Colonei with his little escort taking the Santa Fe road for Leaven-worth, while the rest of our command, un-der Mai, Sedgwick, strike agrees the track-

west of this route. There it was a desert, almost, no timber, water and grass scarce, and little or no game. Here there are numerous streams of good water, plenty of good grass, game abundant, and all the creeks and rivers are skirted with timber. Compared to the Cheyenne trail this is quite a pleasant trip.

We reached the Salt Lake read at a point called Fremont's Orchard, on the Little Blue River, a few days' march

Little Blue River, a few days' march southeast of Kearny. Near this place we met Gen. Albert Sidney Jonnston and escort going out to overtake the advance of his command at Kearny. Halting for short time to chat with our officers, the General then passed on. Accompanying Gen. Johnston as his Adjutant was a young man, Lieut, Fitz John Porter, after-wards a Union General. Gen. Fitz John Porter was court-mar-

tialed for cowardice, or treason, or some-thing of the kind, during the war and came very near being seatenced to be shot, but finally was only dismissed from the serv-ice. After the war he succeeded in get-ting reinstated to his former rank and then resigned, but the cloud of doubt hang-ing over him was never entirely cleared

Albert Sidney Johnston's rank is Colonel of the 2d Cav, with the brevet rank of Brigadier-General, and he is now assigned to duty, commanding the Utah expedition, according to his brevet rank, and letached from his regiment, which is in

at Bent's Fort, to be issued to such Indians seemed to be in great numbers of pack and the dians as were then peaceable, and then Sedgwick was to return to the Big Bend. While Maj. Sedgwick was gone to Bent's, the Colonel, with Co.s B and D. Bent's, the Colonel, with Co.s B and D. and the Infantry, would take the disabled seems of the seems of the second of the colone of the co

NEWS FROM THE WINNERS.

surprise upon receipt of their checks that down. they cannot hold a pen for a few days. Following will be found all who have been heard from at time of this writing-Monday. We print so many papers these days that most of the matter is put in type not later than Monday.

David P. Burd, of Gallapolis, O., winner of the first prize, writes as follows: "I was born in Warren County, N. Y., in 1834, with my parents moved to New Jersey, later to West Virginia, but most of my life has been spent in Ohio. My only brother served in the civil war. At his request I stayed at home to care for our mother. Both of my wandfathers exceed. request I stayed at home to care for our mother. Both of my grandfathers served in the Revolutionary War. I had no system in making my guesses, but I had a dream of some figures which I used in my guesses. I prayed earnestly to God that I might be favored, and He has done so by means of this dream. by means of this dream. I am a garden-er and have always worked hard for a living. The \$500 comes like a blessing to my good wife and me, and no words can express our gratitude. God bless you and prosper your great paper."

Comrade W. A. Rose, of Alfred, N. Y., winner of the 4th prize, writes as follows:
"Yours of 26th inst. at hand, inclosing
check for \$50 for which I sincerely thank
you. My only system in making guesses was to secure as many subscribers as possible for the good old TRIBUNE—then make guesses well scattered around. I have taken the paper since 1881." Capt. Rose is a jeweler. He enlisted September, 1861, in Co. D. 81st N. Y., ("Stuben Rangers"); promoted to Sergeant, veteranized Dec. 30, 1863; promoted to First Sergeant; commissioned as Second Lieutenant while stationed at Fort Hell, near Petersburg; commissioned as Captain January, 1865, and mustered out with company June, 1865. He was with his regiment in every engagement except at Fredwas to secure as many subscribers as nos ment in every engagement except at Fred-ricksburg, when he was sick. The 86th was a fighting regiment. Capt. Rose re-ceived a severe shell wound in the shoulder, but "kept going" with the boys. The es and said: "I am not so sure of this effect of this wound now partially disables as to have my picture taken yet, but

The winners never respond very prompt-ly. We fancy they are so paralyzed with surprise many of their charles that Comrade Wm. H. Horton, of Afton, N. Y., sent guesses and added: "I am much

Comrade C. C. Townsend, of Cleveland, O., winner of the tenth prize, gracefully thanks the paper and says that he had no "system" in making guesses. His service was as fellows: "Enlisted Aug. 25, 1862, at Rochester, N. Y., in the 18th N. Y. Battery, known as 'Black Horse Battery,' served under Gen. Banks in Depart-ment of the Gulf. Our battery was ment of the Guit. Our battery was engaged as follows: At Bisland, Pattersonville, Committee Bridge, Port Hudson, Mobile, Spanish Fort and Fort Blakeley. We fired the last shot of the war at Fort Blakeley, April 9 1865. Long may THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE wave!"

I. P. Schlabach, of Akron, O., winner of the second prize, writes that he is the son of Aaron Schlabach, who Served four years—one year in 2d Ohio Cav., and three years in 25th Ohio Light Artillery. This is one of the boys whose father has always tak-en The NATIONAL TRIBUNE. He has been "raised" on the paper, so to speak. No wonder he is smart!

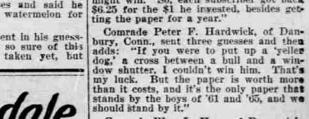
A disappointed contestant sends the following:

Gladly, of prize to man and boy, To woman and girl, I've heard; But, dang mel if I enjoy First prize to a "Burd." And, although quite fond of flowers,

! positively oppose The fourth prize, by the powers! Awarded to a "Rose."

Comrades cannot all be winners, but all have a good deal of fun and enjoyment in these contests. Following we print some of the remarks made by guessers: Comrade E. C. Egestone, of Hiawatha, Mich., sent in his guesses and said he wanted "a slice of that watermelon for seed."

Comrade E. H. Perry sent in his guess



should stand by it."

Comrade Wm. L. Ham, of Brunswick, Me., sent his guess and made these few remarks: "You make the old vets happy with these contests. They are highly amusing and they bring a little hope into their lives that brightens them up. With Evans there is no hope. It would be a good plan to take the Annual Pension Appropriation and let the boys guess for it. Then some one would get something. Let THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE and its staff handle the job and it would give better handle the job and it would give better satisfaction, all round."

RECENT TREASURY RECEIPTS.

These will show guessers how receipts run for Mondays at this time of the years

1901. Monday, March 11\$2,723,632.74

TERMS OF.

Guess the receipts of the U. S. Treasury for Monday, May 27, 1901.

In the new contest \$5,000 is divided into 50 prizes, as follows: "Bull's-Eye" prize \$1,000 First prize 200

We will award \$4,000 cash to any subscriber, club-raiser or book buyer lucky enough to guess the exact receipts of the U. S. Treasury—hitting the "bull's-eye," so to speak-for Monday, May 27, 1901. Whoever comes nearest will receive the first prize; the next nearest, the second 1901. prize; next nearest, the third prize, and so

on to the forty-ninth prize.

These guesses must be received by us on ter. Margaret was almost as good a swim-mer as he himself, and to be capsized or before Saturday, the 25th day of Maytwo full days in advance.

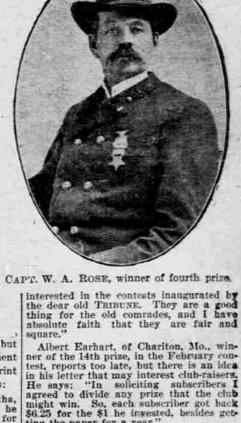
The condition for entering this con-

test is that, during the months of April and May, you must send at least 25 cents to the paper as a sub cription or in the purchase of a book. This entitles you to one guess. For each additional 25 cents spent for subscrip-tions or books, you are entitled to an addi-

Please note: All subscribers have ad guesses in a number of contests. This time, the mere fact of being a subscriber does not entitle you to a guess. You must extend your subscription, or buy books, to the extent at least of 25 cents to be entitled to a guess, or raise a club.

The Club-Raiser: For every 25 cents you send in for subscriptions or books during the months of April and May, you are entitled to one guess. Each member of the club is also entitled to one guess for each 25 cents he spends. If a club-member does not care for his guess, the club-raiser can

take that also. Club-raisers can send in names and remittances at any time, and they will be properly credited. This contest is the club-raiser's





By ALBION W. TOURGEE.

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What is called a "hurricane" on sait wind's weight, rose in angry, chopping water is a "white squall" on our inland seas. Sometimes it is called a "tornado" or a "cyclone" on both land and sea. Under whatever decimal to the companion of the companion. They boiled again, but he does not think he will ever be fond of grasshoppers again.

On our arrival at the Colonel's camp we got the unwelcome news that orders had been sent out from the War Department by the Santa Fe mai, to Col. Summer, to send all his available force across the country to Ft. Kgarny, there to join the command of Byt. Brig.-Gien. Albert Sydney Johnson, then enroute to Utah, and go on to Utah with him to help put down the Mormon rebellion.

Of course the authorities at Washington did not know what a hard campaign we had just finished, and how badly prepared for such a trip we were, or the order.

The max white squall" on our inland seas. Under the line and sea. Under white signation it may masquerate, it is a thoroughly impressive and index circular the convulsion. The man who has experienced one impressive and index in a converse the name and style of preserving it. Crouched it his tect, sode and chilled by the water shipped in the wild movements of the boat, Margaret Keen and form are the winds' will and the grimness of whose savage humor is sardonic.

The next day Sears and Margaret Keen and form are the winds water peaks changed into tow-

were returning, just before sundown, from fishing for bass on the rocky botfrom assing for bass on the rocky bottoms off Hickory Woods, as the grove is called that clothes the sharp slope of the hills opposite the Assembly Grounds. A string of gaping beauties at the bottom of the boat attested the days' luck, and were the boat attested the days' luck, and were intended to furnish a pan-fry for Mrs. Keep's dinner that night, which she should eat in blissful ignorance as to whose skill had provided them.

It had been a silent, happy day. Most of the happiest days in our lives are silent.

lent ones. The golden afternoon had slipped by, neither the young man nor the maiden speaking of themselves, or of their future. They were in the middle of the lake, headed homeward, now, when Margaret, sitting in the stern facing Gilbert, looked past him to the westward and said suddenly through the hush that had fallen on the water: "Look, what is that?"

The young man rested on his oars and turned in his seat. Across the water, which had been a sea of gold separated worth, while the rest of our command, under Maj. Sedgwick, strike across the trackless prairie for Fort Kearny.

The country we cross this time from the Arkansas River at the Big Bend to the Platte at Fort Kearny, is vastly different from that we saw on the Cheyenne trail between the two rivers, about 100 miles west of this route, There it was a desert, almost no timber water and great events.

"Put on your water-proof, quick, Margaret; it's a squall!" cried Gilbert, turning

Their craft was one of the lightest and daintiest of the little fleet on the lake. It had been made for a famous local mag-It had been made for a famous local mag-nate, and, when he fled from disgrace and threatened poverty, had been sold and made one of the gaily-painted but generally plebeian squadron which does the pleasure of the motley Summer crowds. But the boatman who owned it had learned it was wise to be pretty well

described from his regiment, which is in the first power of the first

The next day Sears and Margaret Keep gale. The watery peaks changed into towering waves that ran smoothly in one di-rection. Their white crests showed ghastly through the obscurity now above their heads, now down upon them. A whistle sounded shrilly through the commotion again it came, just beside them and with a shrick a steamer swept by. The hours seemed to pass. Night had come down with inky blackness. On the gale followed a driving rain which slanted against the shivering figures in the tossiing boat in solid sheets. After a while the clouds seemed to lift a bit, and the lightning was less piercing. Half by instinct, Gilbert manages to get, the frail and now badly strained eraft before the wind again. The sandy shore of the lake might be a few yards away on one side

ly had received no serious injury. In the lightning flashes he could see Margaret, deathly pale, aer long hair streaming in the wind; sometimes he heard a low shud-dering moan as the boat slipped down the side of a wave-down-down-or when it would broach and hang, apparently doomed, under the crest of another. But not once did the young man lose his head, nor contemplate the possibility of disaswould only be to be wet a little more thoroughly. Ouly, at the rate they were driving before the wind they must shortly come to land somewhere; that is, unless the wind changed direction again. That was hardly likely, as it seemed to blow from one quarter evenly and persistently. Suddenly Gilbert was conscious of a slight yielding rub along the bottom of the boat. The next instant one of the oars, to which he had clung with almost unconscious determination through all the des-perate struggle, was twisted out of his hand. Plunging his arm over the how al-most submerged gunwale, he caught a tough, flattened mass of reeds. They held, ooted in the deep sand.
"Margaret! Margaret!" he cried. It

had learned it was wise to be pretty well assured of the seamanship of the would-be hirers before he let out the clinker-built shell, long, narrow, rudderless, with low freeboards and light racing oars on the slender out-riggers. As the ripples seethed about them, with the first touch of the storm, Gilbert backed water an instant, and then, with great, swift strokes sent the light craft quivering toward the very heart of the tempest. "It's our only and keep her head on."

A white line of crackling foam showed before them; then a wall of water rose on either side and the smother was upon them. The boat began to fill almost as if its solid fabric had dissolved. The tornado seemed to come from all directions at once. Against the wind the waves, instead of rising into billows, were shaved off and turned to the driving spindrifts.

Totel in the deep sand. "Margaret! Margaret!" he cried. It was the first word they had spoken for hours. "Margaret, are you all right?" "Why—yes!" came a little hysterically. The rain had ceased, and a soft, thick, intense darkness shut over them. They could not see their hands before their faces. The wind was strong and the boat shipped a good deal of water as it lay half anchored by Gilbert's hold on the release, only to strike against other trailing reeds that went hissing by. Gilbert thought the splash of breakers came from ahead. It was a welcome sound and he laughed unconsciously and put out his free hand to see if Margaret was still safe. The boat might be stoved in now if it would. He knew by the reeds that they were driving steadily on to the shelving sands of the more and the same than the clinker. The hours are in the first word they had spoken for hours. "Margaret! Margaret! Margaret!" was a little hysterically. The rain had ceased, and a soft, thick, intense darkness shut over them. They could not see their hands before their faces. The wind was strong and the boat shipped a good deal of water as it lay half anchored by Gilbert's hold on the reeds, They yielded at length to t